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Natural History Jan 1962 Vol LXXI No 1

Abominable Snowmen: Legend Come to

Life, by Ivan T. Sanderson. Chilton Co.,

[AD] \$7.50; 525 pp., bibliography, index, appendixes, illus.

A"

free-lance zoologist of Scottish birth

and American citizenship, Ivan

Sanderson has traveled over much of the

earth in pursuit of his work. He has

written a dozen or more popular books

on zoology and has appeared frequently

on television with his vertebrate companions. In the book under review he has

massively attacked one of the most controversial questions of modern zoology.

the evidence for and against the existence of the Abominable Snowman, or

ABSM for short.

What most scientists-if they are willing to consider it at all-consider to be

a restricted problem (what is it that

keeps popping up in the rhododendron thickets and snowfields of the Himalayan area?) Sanderson has blandly converted into a nearly global one. This he

has done by collecting accounts of "wild men," mysterious marauders. large two-

legged animals, and almost anything

like them seen moving in the woods

round the world and then labeling the

reported creature an ABSM.

As a result, Sanderson can cite "evidence" for the existence of such creatures from every continental land mass

except Australia and Antarctica. By this

not very subtle technique of expanding

ABSM "populations," he ends with such

a mixed bag that he has been forced to

provide zoology with a new classification

of this hypothetical collection of genera.

Some of Sanderson's investigations

were made personally in the field (particularly in the last two years, in the area from California to British Columbia) but most of his information stems from an egregious culling of a literature that is necessarily overweighted with newspaper and magazine reports. At that, he says his bibliography (over 350 titles) is but a fraction of the works consulted. To the reader of his 150,000 words here, it is clear that Sanderson has done voluminous research.

Sanderson's technique in this book is to develop his data and ideas through several stages. First he presents—mostly in uncritical fashion—all of his Reviews

Exercises in unnatural history

ABSM evidence, however factual or fatuous, from continent to continent. This excursion in detail starting in North America and ending in the Himalayas, takes up three-fourths of the book.

Next Sanderson consolidates this material and analyzes it in terms of three kinds of evidence: Intrinsic (mostly skin, hair, and blood); Cognate (excrement and tracks); and Corollary, a category that includes cries, other noises, body odor, and activities (such as moving rocks). In this section of his book, Sanderson is quite critical, and downgrades much of the evidence he has previously presented in detail. The result, of course, is a substantial waste of a serious reader's time, but Sanderson seems to be shooting for a wider audience. Then, in an effort to project ABSM's into the past, he reviews the subject of fossil apes and fossil men in a way that will seem strange to professional anthropologists. He also reviews what he calls MLF (or Myths, Legends, and Folklore), and goes on to equate the product of these analyses with the facts of climate, phytogeography (plant distribution), and zoogeography. He then castigates the professional skeptics who have scoffed at the ABSM business in whole or in part, and have also failed to give ABSM-workers the necessary technical help. Finally, he states his conclu-

sions: that at least four kinds of bipedal primates unknown to orthodox science roam the world today.

Sanderson's appendixes consist of a discourse on the philology of the names given putative ABSM's throughout the world, a primate family tree with a special chart for apes and men, a list of Himalayan animals that might conceivably have been mistaken for ABSM's, and a welcome de-debunking of Sir Edmund Hillary's recent Yeti debunking. All of this is a large order, even for an overweight book, packed with facts, near-facts, fables, zoological principles, personal likes and dislikes, repetitions, and some downright mistakes. Most of the latter are unimportant and unnecessary, because they fall in fields peripheral to the main subject. Despite the repetitive blustering against unbelievers (which reminds one a little of Mohammed's condemnation of infidels in the sura of the Holy Koran entitled *Kafir-una*), Sanderson's is a book that merits patient reading with open mind.

HE author's principal thesis is that the higher primates, particularly the pongids (apes) and hominids (Australopithecines and men) survive in more zoological forms than those now recognized, i.e., gibbons, siamangs, orangs, chimpanzees, gorillas, and *Homo sapiens*. All of these hypothetical, unrecognized forms he lumps into the ABSM category, into which he also lumps such Hominidae as the Australopithecines, the fossil men that anthropologists are coming more and more to call *Homo erectus* (*Pithecanthropus*, *Sinanthropus*, Solo Man, Rhodesian Man, and the like), and the Neanderthals, which most of us now call a subspecies of *Homo sapiens*. Sanderson's new classification thus includes both pongids and hominids—presumably living but unrecognized—as well as others that are extinct. However, Sanderson's principal concern is with the unrecognized living forms, which he divides into four groups.

I. Subhumans (East Eurasian and Oriental region). These are said to be

men of normal size, covered with body hair, who make a rudimentary use of tools, have some form of vocal communication, smell badly, climb rocks, and swim. They have been reported in Malaya, Yunnan, the Pamirs and Mongolia.

II. Proto-Pygmyes (Oriental region, Africa, and possibly central and north-west South America). These are said to be pygmy-sized creatures, with black or red fur, who go about in family groups, have a primitive form of language, climb trees and swim, live in tropical forests down to the seashore and coastal swamps, and are omnivorous. Among them are the frog-eating Teh-lmas of the valley forests of the Himalayas, and certain alleged denizens of Colombia, Sumatra, and West and East Africa.

III. Neo-Giants (Indochina, East Eurasia, North and South America). These are the hairy, seven-foot monsters reported recently in California, and their Asiatic counterparts. Their supposed tracks show them to have very large feet, which look human in most respects, but show a double pad under the great toes.

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These animals are said to use no tools, to communicate only by loud screams, and to be less human-like in behavior than the first two. They include the Dzu Teh of Indochina and Szechwan, and the Sasquatch, or Oh-Mah, of North America (popularly known as Big Foot).

IV. Subhominids (South-central Eurasia, Nan Shan, Himalayas, and Karakoram). These alone are said to have fanged canine teeth, and to drop on their knuckles like the gorilla. Their footprints are the only ones that show opposable toes. These elusive animals, known as the Meh Teh in the Himalayas, are also the only ones that seem pongid. The Meh Teh is the original, classical Abominable Snowman, or Yeti, with whose nineteenth-century "discovery" all of this ABSM business started. In the major part of his book, as we have seen, Sanderson recounts numerous

reports of people sighting these animals, or seeing their tracks, or their feces and other remains, in five continents. He starts with northern California, where an ABSM of the third and largest category disrupted a crew building a logging road. The creature reportedly threw fuel-oil drums into a gorge, left tracks and excrement in profusion, and showed himself briefly in the glare of automobile headlights. Two physicians driving home late at night on Route 299 also said they saw such an animal. Sanderson pieces out this evidence with the tale of a Swedish gentleman in British Columbia who reluctantly admits that he was kidnapped in his sleeping bag by an ABSM thirty-five years ago. His captor carried him to a mountain glen where the victim was held prisoner for several days before escaping. While a few ABSM witnesses, such as this one, are willing to make their names public, Sanderson says that most of them hold back through fear of ridicule. At any rate, a number of well-equipped teams are now searching for these creatures in the American Northwest. If they are really there, at least one of them should be found within a reasonable time.

To me the least credible story of this lot involves an unnamed split-level community on the edge of the montane forest, thirty miles from an unnamed California city. The children of this community who are under seven years old spend their spare time in the fields, playing with little hairy ones that come down from the trees. But, when adults come, the hairy ones dart back up in the trees. Three individuals have been involved with the first two volumes reviewed this month. The matter of Abominable Snowmen is discussed by DR. COON, of the University of Pennsylvania, who brings to the subject decades of learning as a physical anthropologist. Sanderson reports that the adults know this, but are ashamed to mention it or to do anything about it. This tale leaves me completely incredulous, not

so much about the hairy playmates as about the pusillanimous behavior of the adult Californians.

Another item that strains my credulity to near the snapping point is Sanderson's statement that, when he was a boy, one of his schoolmates had a three-inch, hairy tail. If his companion did, his abnormality should be the subject of a medical report rather than an item in this book, where it is completely extraneous. Inclusion of this tale suggests that Sanderson, for reasons of his own, is deliberately trying to be disbelieved. Compared to the northwestern U.S.A. and Canada. South America and Africa are thinly represented by ABSM reports, even with Sanderson's grab bag techniques of collecting them. We do not come back into odd-primate pay dirt until we reach the Caucasus. There a Russian scientist saw one, observed it carefully, shot at it-and missed. Other Russian scientific reports from the Pamirs are of the same quality, and the evidence from the Himalayas is too well known for detailed coverage here.

H

HAVING finished his tongue-in-cheek world tour of evidence of all degrees of credibility, Sanderson drops his bland mask and becomes critical. He casts out many of the tales previously told, and analyzes the most solid items. In his array of "intrinsic" evidence, skin samples so far obtained have been taken from dried specimens kept in Nepalese and Tibetan lamaseries. Not one of these can be proved to have come from an ABSM, nor is there reason to believe that the specimens were supposed to be Yeti "scalps" in the first place. Some hair samples come from the same lamasery scalps and are equally unreliable; others were picked up near ABSM tracks. For technical reasons, these are hard to analyze, partly because of variation in different parts of the same pelage. At any rate, we know that such hairs from Nepal were not shed by bears, the principal suspects. Blood analysis has so far been inconclusive.

"Cognate" evidence consists of excrement and tracks. The supposed ABSM feces are hominid or pongid in shape. In Nepal, they contain pika fur, whiskers, and bones, chick feathers, insect "claws," and grass. In California, they are almost all vegetable, and one con-

The problem of communications with dolphins is the joint concern of a biologist couple, the DRS. TAVOLGA. He is a research associate in animal behavior at THE AMERICAN MUSEUM; she, Associate Professor of Biology at Fairleigh Dickinson University.

tains a *Trichurus* parasite (said to be found in primates other than man). The tracks, of which many photographs have been taken and some plaster casts made (in mud), are the best evidence so far. All but those attributed to the Meh Teh (Yeti proper) are roughly hominid in form, and the Meh Teh's are roughly pongid. I agree with Sanderson that not all these tracks, if any, were made by bears or other non-primates, and that not all, if any, were hoaxes. Sanderson next correlates ABSM reports with phytogeography and zoogeography, to show that the reports come mostly from evergreen, montane forests. He also explores world mythology, including the Book of Genesis (the latter with the help of a learned rabbi). Finally, Sanderson shows that Hillary's recent "exposure" of the Snowman was an insubstantial red herring, because the goatskin "scalp" that he exhibited on television was not supposed to be that of a Yeti, anyhow, and because his explanation of the tracks he found in the snow is contraverted by better evidence.

I view this book with mixed feelings. I wish that Sanderson had been less chatty, colloquial, repetitive, and angry. His excursions into physical anthropology and human paleontology are sub-professional. I can understand his impatience with armchair "experts," but grow tired of hearing about their delinquencies. Still, the author has made at least one substantial point. The Yeti tracks found in Nepal by several reliable

explorers seem to be those of some kind or kinds of large primate. Fundamentally, it is up to the anti-ABSM partisans to prove that nowhere in the world does a zoologically unrecognized pongid or other bipedal primate exist, as well as to find the other animal that makes the cryptic footprints in Nepal.

Let us hope that the orientation of this book, transparently aimed at a wide sale to sensation-seekers, will not discourage serious professional zoologists and anthropologists from making an all out effort to clarify this all too tangled question. Let us also hope-pending the possible delivery of some such animal, alive or dead-that the experts will not be moved to withdraw even farther behind the shelter of their microscopes.

CARLETON S. COO

MAN AND DOLPHIN, by John C. Lilly, M.D. Doubleday & Co., \$4.95; 312 pp., bibliography, appendixes, illus.

S

CIENTISTS AND LAYMEN interested in the behavior of animals-and especially of dolphins-have certainly noted newspaper and magazine reports in the last few years in which it has been alleged that Dr. John Lilly has claimed an ability to talk to dolphins. Those who have been waiting for an authoritative

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Saturday Review

Vol44

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page 36

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THE UNKNOWN

Goliath and the Naturalist

"Abominable Snowmen: Legend Come to Life," by Ivan T. Sanderson (Chilton. 450 pp. \$7.50), presents the case for the possible survival of creatures half way between animal and man. H. R. Hays is author of "From Ape to Angel."

By H. R. Hays

HE LEGEND of the abominable enough to be eaten by African fishermen. "We have ample evidence of all manner of sub-men and sub-hominids in the past and still know very little of the major surface of our planet. For these reasons-and because of the discovery of all manner of huge forms of life right up to the time of writing . I cannot see any possible valid argument against the continual existence of ABSMs," writes Mr. Sanderson. Unfortunately, in the case of the snowman no museum specimen exists, T snowman has attracted something although reports of capture do occur: of the same kind of public attention (both credulous and skeptical) as the flying saucer affair. Mr. Sanderson assembles reports which, it seems, have been appearing for decades in various parts of the world, attempts to evaluate them, and examines the ethnological, paleontological, and geographical facts that could have a bearing on the possible continued existence of subhuman creatures in unexplored areas of the earth.

The news stories and accounts by travelers or government officials that speak of unidentified manlike animals are fairly frequent in the nineteenth century and, far from being confined to Eurasia, also occur in Canada, Malaya, Indo-China, and the Matto Grosso of Brazil. These stories deal with not one but four main types: little, reddish, hairy protopigmies; some sort of giant, hairy, manlike creature that might be compared to the Neanderthaler, and finally the large, shaggy, apish Meh-teh of Tibet and the Himalayas

Mr. Sanderson notes that in many cases there is substantial agreement between such reports and the legends current among preliterate peoples. He also points out how many unexplored and heavily forested areas of the earth still exist, and suggests that subhominoids, and also intermediate ape-like offshoots of the anthropoid stem, might

have continued to exist in spite of gaps in the geological evidence. They would have given way before the advance of Homo sapiens and have taken to the remote fastnesses of the forested mountain areas; and in recent decades (during which the reports have increased) the activities of the bulldozer would have driven them out.

The skeptical are reminded of the capture in 1938 of the Coelocanth, a fish supposed to have died out 60,000,000 years ago, and the subsequent discovery in 1952 that it was common

The only tangible evidence consists of photographs of unusually shaped footprints, piles of faeces which have been analyzed with vague results, and hair from the alleged skin of the beast. The first-hand accounts are sometimes funny, sometimes straightforward, and sometimes pure nonsense.

The material Mr. Sanderson has collected is interesting and would be more so if the book were half as long. The author's tendency to rail repeatedly against the closed minds of zoologists becomes an irritating mannerism. His style is so determinedly popular that it falls half way between that of the editor of a science fiction magazine and that of a chatty columnist in a village newspaper. However, the book should appeal to those interested in unsolved mysteries and the reader's curiosity is piqued by the tantalizing thought of the possibility that the abominable snowman really does exist.

Is the Psyche Hiding Secrets?

"The Hidden Springs: An Inquiry into Extra-Sensory Perception," by Renée Haynes (Devin-Adair. 255 pp. \$5), and "Hidden Channels of the Mind," by Louisa E. Rhine (William Sloane. 291 pp. \$5), explore the mysterious manifestations of the paranormal, from religious and experimental viewpoints respectively. S. Ralph Harlow, professor emeritus of religion at Smith College, wrote "A Life After Death."

By S. Ralph Harlow

D

URING the past twenty years an increasing number of intelligent men and women of known integrity and scientific training have written books offering reliable data and cases to those inquiring minds who seek to know more about ESP and other psychic phenomena.

"The Hidden Springs" is of special interest because the author is a convert to Roman Catholicism and is also a member of the council of the British Society of Psychical Research. Mrs. Haynes brings as witness clairvoyant experiences of such men as Pope Benedict XIV, who wrote about those who "revealed knowledge of things to come, things past, present events distant in space, and the secret places of the heart." She also records how Pope Pius V told a number of his household "at the day and hour of its occurrence that the battle of Lepanto had been won, a fact verified some time afterward's when couriers traveling at sixteenth century speed arrived with the news. The author also quotes Catholic theologians on such matters as apparition, poltergeists, haunted houses, and other psychic phenomena.

Her references to Thomas Aquinas are numerous. On the official Catholic position, she states that "Catholics like their spiritual fathers the Jews are forbidden to try to develop and use the psi-function for any but a religious purpose.

"This may give the impression that Mrs. Haynes deals mostly with Catholic attitudes toward ESP and psychic phenomena. This is by means true, the book covers a wide range of phenomena, much of it outside Catholic thought and dogma. The author has made a very special study of the psi-function in animals, especially as revealed in the habits of dogs, birds and insects such as the white ant. She discusses such problems as water

dowsing, psychokinesis, and egg-sex-
ing. An interesting comment is made
about psi-functions among primitive
civilizations such as that of the Bush-
man tribes in South Africa. There are
descriptions of the psychic phenomena
that took place in the Wesley home
in England and the Fox household in
Hvdesville, New York. Mrs. Havnes re-
marks that "Francis Bacon was perhaps
the first man ever to envisage the ap-
plication of experimental methods to
psi.

No book in this field would be com-
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THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR
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The Road to Gangtok
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Thirty-mile stretch of highway into the Kingdom of Sikkim abounds in exotic sounds and sights- and the constant awareness that nearby the tigers of Peking are growling.

By Richard Critchfield

Written for The Christian Science Monitor

By a Bla Cartographer

Darjeeling, India

TP IN THIS NORTHEAST CORNER of India, threading its way into the Himalayan Mountains, is a 30-mile stretch of highway. It leads from Kalimpong. India, to Gangtok, the capital of the tiny mountain kingdom of Sikkim. If recent history had been different, the perilous but srenic road, and indeed the Kingdom of Sikkim itself, would have remained unknown in most prople of the West.

Now, however, Communist China is probing for every possible way to push southward-slowly but steadily toward India Sikkim and the road to Gangtok may one day become a Chinese passway. Or perhaps the little kingdom will become itself a battleground, because Sikkim is a protectorate of India and therefore already harbors Indian troops.

Narth from Ganglok a jeep or tank need drive only 33 miles along a newly constructed road to the Tibetan border and the town of Chumbi, where there are large concentrations of Chinese Communist troops. South from Gangtok and Sikkim is the Greal Ganges Plain, and beyond that, the vital urban centers of India.

Thus the Kalimpong-Gangtok-Chumbi road is like a fragile thread connecting the two culussi, India and China. That slender highway may one day suun be on the world's front pages.

Tea and Hospitality

The present story is about a ride from Kalimpong tu Gangtok. The road to Gangtok really begins at the Tista bridge, where our journey begins. Before crussing we must have our passports and Sikkim entrance permits checked by the Indian border police. We are directed to an open lent on the river bank by the subinspector. He is a Tibetan, a garrulous clean-shaven young man with heavy blark brows. He smiles steadily during our interview.

"I must offer you tea and hospitality," he says in his curious accent "Many people pass here Americans, Germans, Russian colonists, Chinese The Americans are very lucky," A Tibetan peasant comes up to the tent In register his coarse black hair is parted in the middle and gathered in the back in long pigtailed which are tied into a coil with grimy red ribbons.

His eyes are black and piercing and set into face deeply wrinkled and lined, but strong, and the color of dark bronze. A loose black tunic hanging from powerful shoulders. His feet and legs are encased in heavy felt boots

The subinspector explains that the man is a refugee who has just crossed the border and is on his way to Katmandu, the capital of Nepal The Chinese let him leave Lhasa, Tibet, when he was able to prove Nepali citizenship. As the inspector talks the tall Tibetan watches the road, staring beyond the road. In his black empty countenance there is seeming despair. When the subinspector completes writing on his paper, the refugee walks wordlessly away.

"How is he going?" we ask

He will walk

"To Katmandu? It is several hundred miles away

Why not he has already walked here from Lhasa"

Yonder Lies the Road

Festoons of faded prayer flags are fluttering from the girders over the rushing water They flap furiously as we pass by in the open jeep Beyond, the Tista waters are plunging down from the Himalayas, from the 17,500-foot-high Lake Chola. Four miles up the river the Tista receives a torrent of water from the Great Rangit River, which flows out of the glacier of Kabru. Below the suspension bridge a tumultuous current flows over the rocky bed through precipitous banks.

"Yonder, exclaims our driver, a slant-eyed Lepcha, "yonder lies the road." The mists are rising and he points upward to the mountainsides aflame with rhododendron, to a narrow white track against the crimson and pink, which meanders along the rivers sleep banks. Tista behind,

Rangpo, the border station, and then Gang-luk, to come.

On the road we pass mules and road menders, grinning Nepali youths, children who wave and cheer, Lepcha women almost bent double under the weight of baskets laden with twigs and grass. Poor people, but laughing, sure-footed on the hard, bruising rocks.

Bare Feet, Bronze Legs

At last comes a bamboo forest, cool and linear, and shades of deep and deeper green. We enter shadow and a cool air breathes down, purple shadows come down from the steep rock slopes, the water is rushing below.

Bronze, dusty feet bare on the mica rocks, move quickly out of the path of our fast-moving Land Rover. Bent women in black Tunics with golden nose rings, their downcast eyes flashing briefly at the passing jeep and then down to the road as if the movement might unbalance the kindling strapped to their backs.

Bare feet on the road. The sturdy, bronze legs of coolies. The feet caked with the dust of the road

A man flags us down and we offer him a ride. He is a giant, a Khampa warrior who says he has killed between 30 and 40 Chinese. The Khampa rebels are active now, he says, ambushing Chinese troops and traders along the border.

Losang, as he gives his name, tells us that the days of horror are over in Lhasa, capital of Tibet, and there is no more rape, torture, death by stoning or crude crucifixion. Today only forced labor and concentration camps, 20th-century Communist Chinese refinements.

He describes a new six-story building the Chinese have built at the foot of the Potala. Eleven power houses have been constructed, he says, and eight airfields, scattered along the border. Most of Lhasa is now Chinese, says Losang. Famine continues to rage there. The famine has softened the rule and men are allowed to pray at shrines again.

Third Highest Peak

In the full blaze of the afternoon sun, we enter a valley between walls of rock. Beyond the banyan trees we see, on each

side, the steep sides of the mountain slopes
hemming us in, keeping us perilously close
to the torrent below, the slopes heavy.
foliated with pallid - trunked birch trees
and, higher up, with sprouting, painted
spruce and pine And beyond, a long, great
mountainside, terraced with paddies rising
up green and light to the darker, shaggier
green of the forest hehand.

We emerge into the valley Just in front
are paddies, fields of wheat and Jowar and
Makalu

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maize. The maize is not very high at this
altitude.

The summer sun from a perfect blue sky
pours down on the green valleys, blue hazy
hills all still and the walls of rock be-
fore the huge bulk of Kanchenjunga, the
world's third highest peak, far, far distant,
against the blue sky, its snow blinding with
sheer whiteness.

The high Himalayas-peaks of perpetual
snow, glacier, and spring-fed rivers, rapidly
descending down boulder-strewn rocky beds
or tumbling down in thundering cataracts
through the gorges, above valleys carpeted
with daisies and empty vast fields of long
grass, lakes, hot springs, water dropping in
giant falls or standing frozen in eternal ice
pillars; vast and pathless regions of snows,
rocks, sands, pebbles, stretching hundreds
and hundreds of miles, absolutely bleak,
barren, and desolate, home of yak and
musk deer, silence to swallow up the crack
of a rifle or the yeti's shaggy huge shadow
shrieking in the frigid night,

Propaganda From China

But here rich foliage, parasitical orchids
and ferns, the orchids clinging to the tree
trunks and branches of giant trees, feathery
as those from Corot's brush. In the branches,
rhesus monkeys, fruit bats. panthers and
leopards, the screech of jungle crows, green
magpies, parrots, bulbuls and hawks.

Dust flies with us along the road, dust
and the copper faces of coolies, copper-dark
faces against the copper-pale of the tree
trunks.

Fields amidst the gray rocks and pallid
birch trees, fields in the ricebowl, landslides,
massive-fleshed bullocks and mud-crusty

mules.

Communist China still broadcasts the assertion that Tibet is China's hand and Bhutan. India's Northeast Frontier

Agency

(NEFA), Sikkim, Ladakh, and Nepal are the fingers, says Losang. We know the border countries are saturated with Chinese propaganda. We think of the internal instability in Nepal, the incursions in Ladakh by Chinese troops, the concentrations of troops along the border of Bhutan and Sikkim like storm clouds on the horizon.

Sir Edmund Hillary's party on Mt. Makalu reported seeing Chinese rockets, adds the driver.

New Thoroughfares

The road leads past a monastery and we stop to watch the maroon-robed lamas. An old woman turns the "wheel of life begging alms. The monks' lips move in silent prayer. The monks finger gently the beads strung around their necks.

They are open-countenanced. good-humored, with doe-like eyes that speak of a mute unanswered question. They, too are on the road to Gangtok exposed to wind and rain and a pitiless summer sun

We follow their road. New thoroughfares are being forged here, concrete highway, for the

rapid transit of men and arms Military convoys move where pilgrims and mule trains once passed

Trucks,

bal-

earth-moving equipment.

talions of jeeps, the jungle green of canvas

Roads

Railroads

Kampa Diang

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To Lhasa-

Punakha

By Gordon Graham

Rugged Sikkim: Future Scene of Sino-Indian Conflict?

encampments. Uneasy soldiers from the Indian plains, unused to the treacherous mountain roads. The Jeep belonging to three

Sikhs dangles from a tree a few feet from the road while the men wait for help. Further on, over a gorge stunned soldiers stand and we follow their eyes down over the rocks to the bottom of a ravine where a new rep with a red cross painted on its flesh quashed.

A tired captain trudges by leading a column of Sikh infantrymen marching heavily with automatic steps on the road marching without the dash and vigor of the Republic Day parade regiment marching with labored steps toward border

Refugee Tells of Famine

The file of soldiers passes an approaching file this time refugees from Tibet

We stop one of the Tibetans and Lesang speaks with him. A carpenter from Lhasa the refugee's eyes are fixed as if sightless watching the road the road down which he has come. His glistening black hair tightly braided with a grimy red cloth and tied behind his head He has almond eyes and high cheekbones and skin like burnished bronze

at the carpenter, tells of the fat that forced his thigh

During the Iron Mouse Year: the Communists required each man to

kill and kill 5 birds, Galas predict which killed crop-1

fourth to sixth month they were Mies daily and in the cash market collect man

month people were to resample and till it They were also to five daily

From the 10th to the 12th month they had to collect bones of dead animals and burn them for use as bone-meal manure In the ninth month of the Iron Mouse Year Gyatso as the food she took became very great For a time he was prevented from

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Distant Drum Sounds

From the Bookshelf

Sikkim to Oregon: Unexplained Tracks
By Rich

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Communist China i
probing for very presible way to pul
Mouthw.d owle a steadily toward
India Sikkim and the ad to Gangtok may
one day bene a Clanese passwar Or
perlap the Intie kingdom will become -
self a battleground, beau e Sikkim is a
protectorate of India and therefore already
harburs Indian trep
North from Gangtok jeep or tank nerd
drive only 33 miles along a newly con-
structed road to the Tibetan border and the
tuwn of Chumbi, where there are large
cuncentrations of Chinese Communist troupes
South from Gangtok and Sikkim is the
Great Ganges Plain, and beyond that, the
Vital urban centers of India
Thus the Kalimpong-Gangtok-Chumbi
road is like a fragile thread connecting the
two tulussi. India and China. That slender
highway may one day soon be on the world s
front pages.
Tra and Hospitality
The present story is about a ride from
Kalimpong to Gangluk. The road to Gangtok
really begins at the Tista bridge, where our
journey begins. Before crossing we must
have our passports and Sikkim entrance per-
mits checked by the Indian border police
We are directed to an open lent the
river bank by the subinspector. He is a
Tibetan, a garrulous clean-shaven young
man with heavy black brows. He smiles
steadily during our interview
"I must offer you tea and hospitality," he
says in his curious accent. "Many people pass
here Americans, Germans, Russian bolan-
ists, Chinese. The Americans are very jolly."
A Tibetan peasant comes up to the tent
to register. His enarse black hair is parted in
the middle and gathered in the back in long
pigtails which are tied into a coil with grimy
red ribbons.
His eyes are black and piercing and set
into a face deeply wrinkled and lined, but

strong, and the color of dark bronze. A loose black tunic hanging from powerful shoulders. His feet and legs are encased in heavy felt boots.

The subinspector explains that the man is a refugee who has just crossed the border and is on his way to Katmandu, the capital of Nepal. The Chinese let him leave Lhasa, Tibet, when he was able to prove Nepali citizenship. As the inspector talks the tall Tibetan watches the road, seeing beyond the road. In his black, empty concentration there is seeming despair. When the subinspector completes writing on his paper, the refugee walks wordlessly away.

"How is he going?" we ask.

"He will walk."

"To Katmandu? It is several hundred miles away."

"Why not? He has already walked here from Lhasa."

Yonder Lies the Road'

Festoons of faded prayer flags are fluttering from the girders over the rushing water. They flap furiously as we pass by in the open jeep. Beyond, the Tista waters are plunging down from the Himalayas, from the 17,500-foot-high Lake Cholama. Four miles up the river the Tista receives a torrent of water from the Great Rangit River, which flows out of the glacier of Kahru. Below the suspension bridge a

A

to Came

On the road we pass mules and rammers, grinning Nepal youths, children wave and cheer, Lapcha women almost But duulile under the weight of baskets. In with twigs and grass. Poor people, but laughing, sure-footed on the hard, bruising rocks.

Bare Feet, Bronze Legs

At last comes a bamboo forest, cool and linear, and shades of deep and deeper green. We enter shadow and a cool air breathes down, purple shadows come down from the steep rock slopes, the water is rushing below.

Bronze, dusty feet bare on the mica rocks. move quickly out of the path of our fast-moving Land Rover. Bent women in black Tunics with golden nose rings, their downcast

eyes flashing briefly at the passing jeep and then down to the road as if the movement might unbalance the kindling strapped to their backs.

Bare feet on the road. The sturdy, bronze legs of coolies. The feet caked with the dust of the road

A man flags us down and we offer him a ride. He is a giant, a Khampa warrior who says he has killed between 30 and 40 Chinese. The Khampa rebels are active now, he says, ambushing Chinese troops and traders along the border.

Losang, as he gives his name, tells us that the days of horror are over in Lhasa, capital of Tibet, and there is no more rape, torture, death by stoning or crude crucifixion. Today only forced labor and concentration camps, 20th-century Communist Chinese refinements.

He describes a new six-story building the Chinese have built at the foot of the Potala. Eleven power houses have been constructed, he says, and eight airfields, scattered along the border. Most of Lhasa is now Chinese, says Losang. Famine continues to rage there. The famine has softened the rule and men are allowed to pray at shrines again.

Third Highest Peak

In the full blaze of the afternoon sun, we enter a valley between walls of rock.

Beyond the banyan trees we see, on each side, the steep sides of the mountain slopes . hemming us in, keeping us perilously close to the torrent below, the slopes heavily-foliaged with pallid trunked birch trees and, higher up, with sprouting pointed spruce and pine. And beyond, a long, great mountainside, terraced with paddies, rising up green and light to the darker, shaggier green of the forest behind.

We emerge into the valley. Just in front are paddies, fields of wheat and jowar and snow, glacier, and spring-fed rivers, rapidly descending down boulder-strewn rocky beds or tumbling down in thundering cataracts through the gorges, above valleys carpeted with daisies and empty vast fields of long grass; lakes, hot springs, water dropping in giant falls or standing frozen in eternal ice pillars: vast and pathless regions of snows, rocks, sands, pebbles, stretching hundreds

and hundreds of miles. absolutely bleak,
barren, and desolate, home of yak and
musk deer, silence to swallow up the crack
of a rifle or the yeti's shaggy huge shadow
shrieking in the frigid night.

Propaganda From China

But here rich foliage, parasitical orchids
and ferns, the orchids clinging to the tree
trunks and branches of giant trees, feathery
as those from Corot's brush. In the branches.
rhesus monkeys, fruit bats, panthers and
leopards, the screech of jungle crows, green
magpies, parrots, bulbuls and hawks
Dust flies with us along the road; dust
and the copper faces of coolies, copper-dark
faces against the copper-pale of the tree
trunks.

Fields amidst the gray rocks and pallid
birch trees, fields in the ricebowl. landslides,
massive-Meshed bullocks and mud-crusty
mules.

Communist China still broadcasts the as-
sertion that Tibet is China's hand and Bhu-
tan, India's Northeast

Frontier Agency

(NEFA), Sikkim, Ladakh, and Nepal are
the fingers, says Losang. We know the
border countries are saturated with Chinese
propaganda. We think of the internal in-
stability in Nepal, the incursions Ladakh
by Chinese troops, the concentrations of
troops along the border of Bhutan and
Sikkim like storm clouds on the horizon.

Sir Edmund Hillary's party on Mt. Ma-
kalu reported seeing Chinese rockets, adds
the driver.

New Thoroughfares

The road leads past a monastery and we
stop to watch the maroon-robed lamas. An
old woman turns the "wheel of life" begging
alms. The monks' lips move in silent prayer.
The monks finger gently the beads strung
around their necks.

They are open-countenanced. good-
humored, with doe-like eyes that speak of a
mule unanswered question. They, too, are on
the road to Gangtok, exposed to wind and
rain and a pitiless summer sun.

We follow their road. New thoroughfares
are being forged here; concrete highways for
the rapid transit of men and arms. Military
convoys move where pilgrims and mule

trains once passed.

Trucks, earth-moving equipment. bat-
talions of jeeps, the jungle green of canvas

Roads

Railroads

Kampa Dzong

E

B

Guru

Makalu

23790 Ft

Kanchenjunga

To Lhasa-

By Garden Graham

Rugged Sikkini: Future Scene of Sino-Indian Conflict?

encampment Uneasy soldiers from the In-
dian plains. unused to the treacher-
ties mountain roads The jeep belonging to three
Sikhs dangles from a tree a few feet from the
road while the men await for help Further
on, over a gorge, stunned soldiers stand and
we follow their eyes down over the rocks to
the bottom of a ravine where a new jeep
with a red cross painted on its roof lies
squashed

A tired captain trudges by, leading a long
column of Sikh infantrymen, marching
heavily with automatic steps on the dusty
road, marching without the dash and vigor
of the Republic Day parade regiment
marching with labored steps toward the
border.

Refugee Tells of Famine

The file of soldiers passes an approaching
file. this time refugees from Tibet

We stop one of the Tibetans and Losang
speaks with him. A carpenter from Lhasa,
the refugee's eyes are fixed as if sightless.
watching the road. the road down which he
has come. His glistening black hair
tightly braided with a grimy red cloth and
tied behind his head. He has almond eyes
and high cheekbones and skin like burn-
ished bronze

Gyatso. the carpenter tells of the famine
that forced his flight

During the Iron Mouse Year the Com-
munists required each man to plant 25 seed-
lings and kill 5 birds, Gyatso says (mostly
sparrows which killed crops). From the
fourth to sixth month, they were to kill 25
insects daily and rise early each morning to

collect manure. From the seventh to 10th month people were to reclaim fallow land and till it. They were also to kill five rats daily.

From the 10th to the 12th month they had to collect bones of dead animals and burn them for use as bone-meal manure. In the ninth month of the Iron Mouse Year, Gyatso says the food shortage became very great. For a time he was prevented from Distant Drum Sounds

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By Russell Lens, Chief Cartographer
Native of the Region
Rangpur
A Passway in South Asia

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From the Bookshelf
Sikkim to Oregon: Unexplained Track-

Abominable Snowmen Legend Come in Life

by Ivan T Sanderson Philadelphia Chi

Books 325 pp. \$ 50

The world is a large place and we dirt

know about a lot of asset

Some things people accept Some they

reject. Others, they will a rept as lone a

They have a ready-made answer bul-cerl

things they simply dont know what

about

Thus does Ivan T Sanderson en

his readers in drop their prejudices and

a fresh look at the problem of Abominab

Snowmen. For the uninitiated the rig

Abominable Snowman was supposed lubr

mysterious, bestial-bul-manlike creatur

whose tracks were fral discovered in the

Himalayan mountains of Sikkim in 188

and who has ever since eluded detection de-

spite the efforts of scientists, mountaineers

and adventurers from many parts of the

world.

In fact, other Abominable Snowmen-of

varicus descriptions-have been reported

from 100 separate and isolated areas of the

globe (including North Americal. and Mr

Sanderson, a zoologist, has taken on the im-

mense reportorial task of collecting the princi

pal data on the ABSM (Abominable Snow-

men) from all these areas Mr Sanderson

pays credit to Dr Bernard Heuvelmans of the

Royal Museum of Natural History in Belgium

for his survey of the subject in an earlier

book "On the Track of Unknown Animals

One of the most curious stories of ARSM

related by Mr Sandersen is that of Albert

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By Richa

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21 Dec 1961 Christian Science Monitor
page 9
column 4-5
Eastern Edition.
Boston, Massachusetts

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sparrows which killed crops). From the fourth to sixth month, they were to kill 25 flies daily and rise early each morning to collect manure. From the seventh to 10th month people were to reclaim fallow land and till it. They were also to kill five rats daily.

From the 10th to the 12th month they had to collect bones of dead animals and burn them for use as bone-meal manure. In the ninth month of the Iron Mouse Year, Gyatso says, the food shortage became very great. For a time he was prevented from Beyond, the road twists further, the 33 miles to the border, a road of hope and despair, to windswept plains and the vast reaches of the Tibetan plateau, a road that leads to Tibet, where a Buddhist way of life has been scattered like brittle autumn leaves before winds of Chinese invasion and repression.

We have traveled the road to Gangtok, and can see the short road leading to Communist Tibet.

Do the Chinese see all this area as "a short road" to the plains of northern India?

From the Bookshelf

Sikkim to Oregon: Unexplained Tracks
Abominable Snowmen: Legend Come to Life,
by Ivan T. Sanderson. Philadelphia: Chilton
Books. 525 pp. \$7.50.

"The world is a large place and we don't know about a lot of it as yet.

"Some things people accept; some they reject. Others, they will accept as long as they have a ready-made answer, but-certain things they simply don't know what to do

about."

Thus does Ivan T. Sanderson encourage his readers to drop their prejudices and take a fresh look at the problem of "Abominable Snowmen. For the uninitiated, the original "Abominable Snowman" was supposed to be a \mysterious, bestial-but-manlike creature whose tracks were first discovered in the Himalayan mountains of Sikkim in 1887, and who has ever since eluded detection despite the efforts of scientists, mountaineers, and adventurers from many parts of the world.

In fact, other Abominable Snowmen-of various descriptions-have been reported from 100 separate and isolated areas of the globe (including North America), and Mr. Sanderson, a zoologist, has taken on the immense reportorial task of collecting the principal data on the ABSM (Abominable Snowmen) from all these areas. Mr. Sanderson pays credit to Dr. Bernard Heuvelmans of the Royal Museum of Natural History in Belgium for his survey of the subject in an earlier book "On the Track of Unknown Animals." One of the most curious stories of ABSM related by Mr. Sanderson is that of Albert
By Richard Neff

Ostman, a well-traveled, well-educated prospector and lumberman. Mr. Ostman reported that during a vacation in a wild area on the mainland opposite Vancouver Island, British Columbia, he was physically picked up and carried away by an ABSM, and held captive for several days with the ABSM's "family"- a female and two offspring.

Most of Mr. Sanderson's book is simply a collection of such stories (one as recent as Oct. 23, 1959, near Roseburg, Ore.). Most valuable, of course, is the author's treatment of skepticism regarding the stories, and his own conclusions about them.

No ABSM has been caught and retained for examination. Attempts at photographing them have failed. The only actual physical evidence to support thousands of reports are one or two hand-like fragments of skeleton, some excrement, and "hundreds of miles" (in the aggregate) of unexplained tracks.

Yet the ABSM is not a hoax, Mr. Sanderson insists, further pointing out that he cannot see any possible valid argument against

the existence of ABSM. He feels simply that "at least three types of ultra-primitive men, and/or sub-men, and/or sub-hominids" exist in the most isolated areas of the world. ABSM should simply remind us that there are different degrees of "manness, he states. Despite the author's careful study, the reader is left with the feeling that today's highly developed technical methods of detection and capture must very soon explain the ABSM, or else the skeptics will remain unsatisfied.

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Atlantic Mouth's
Dec 1961 pogelly Vol 208

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Books

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verbal accuracy

orthodox translators. This deliber-
ately unscholarly approach enables
him to deal successfully with poets
as diverse as Homer, Villon, and
Pasternak.

The pedantic can amuse them-
selves for hours in cataloguing the
liberties taken by Mr. Lowell, and
undoubtedly will. It is no matter.

Mr. Lowell has turned the work of
previously inaccessible poets into
English verse that is truly poetry and
speaks to the mind and heart of a
modern reader, a result seldom
achieved by mere grammatical con-
scientiousness.

ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN: LEGEND

COME TO LIFE (Chilton, \$7.50) is

somewhat of a freak, for IVAN T.

SANDERSON has devoted nearly five
hundred pages to a subject that off-
cially does not exist. Mr. Sander-
son's point is, of course, that some-
thing does exist, although it may be
only mildly abominable and almost
certainly does not live in, or even
care for, snow.

Mr. Sanderson has collected re-
ports from all over the world, in
which responsible, sober citizens de-
scribe their collisions with creatures
who are apelike but clearly not apes.
The best of these stories come from
our own Northwest, where something
called the Sasquatch is so enterpris-
ing that one kidnaped an Indian girl
but returned her to her family after
a year because, as she put it in her
old age, she "aggravated it so much."

The stories Mr. Sanderson has assembled are necessarily somewhat repetitious, but when he has them all fitted together, he draws some interesting conclusions. The localities where Snowmen stories originate are scattered all around the world, but they turn out to have similar characteristics high mountain forests, undesirable by human standards and thick enough for almost anything to hide out. The failure of various expeditions that looked for Snowmen in the Himalayan snows was fore-ordained, according to Mr. Sanderson, because they were looking in the wrong place. Whatever the creatures are, they must actually live farther down, where they can find food and cover. Mr. Sanderson does not offer to lead an expedition in pursuit of Sasquatches and the like, and professes to prefer the mystery to any advance in zoology, but he is clearly itching to have somebody do the job right, and it is hard not to "THE ONLY BOOK 1
itch with him.

REFLECTIONS OF AN INSOMNIAC

With its borrowed title and contents partly retrieved from earlier books, WILSON'S NIGHT
THOUGHTS

(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$4.50)
has the air of being a minor item in the formidable total of EDMUND WILSON's scholarly and creative writing. Does the title indicate that this collection of essays, poems, and sketches is the residue of a lifelong battle with insomnia? The book cannot be offered as a soporific for readers, for very few people can fall asleep while laughing, and Mr. Wilson has no intention of encouraging excessive sobriety with this work.

Wilson's Night Thoughts includes some sketchy, lyrical, distinctive descriptions of coastal scenery and resort towns, fragments about dreams, reminiscent essays in which the author tries to relate memories of his childhood to a general concept of

American character, a few tartly funny pictures, and a lot of poetry. It is the poetry of a witty, intelligent, cantankerous literary man who understands the structure and function of poetry perfectly, although his natural habitat is prose. As usually happens in such cases, the best of it is irreverent or satirical. Mr. Wilson sums up garden statuary as "lap-dog lions," describes "one of those damn squint-windowed grit and brick New England towns," demolishes advertising and patriotism, turns Nero into a nursery rhyme, and tosses off a parody of MacLeish that reads like something Longfellow thought better of writing. Turning to international linguistics, he observes, "The English always give a nasty wrench To anything they're forced to take from French."

Mr. Wilson's metrical experiments are determined and ingenious. He has a taste for reverse rhymes "devil" rhymes with "livid," by this - and indulges it for more system

pages than one would think possible, given the difficulties involved. He also likes to tinker with elegiac meter, to which he has devoted care and study and which he writes as well as anybody ever has in this language. His efforts prove that English, that thieving, unprincipled, mongrel old Autolycus, does cling immovably to one commandment: Thou shalt not write quantitative verse.

what Crane Brinton, author of Civilizations, the comparative history. This leave off. Professor Qu discover why and how an Maps and diagrams.

REUTHER TALKS: "Wa agent of Wall Street."

This is only one of voice in America-as interviews. Here is Re of labor practices; Re bristling Mike Wallace

THE CANDID BIOGR
CAST INTO OBSCUR
outspoken, Sir John F
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114

[PAGE BREAK]

SANDERSON. IVAN T. Abominable snowmen:
legend come to life; the story of sub-humans
on five continents from the early ice age
until today. 525p il pl maps \$7.50 Chilton co.
509 Primates
61-10907
The author of this book starts with ...
legends and conducts a journalistic inquiry in-
to their sources and their veracity.
His
attempt is to separate fact from fletion and to
relate those accounts which are reliable to the
theme of the book. viz., that the abominable
Snowman is a 'hominid' other than known
kinds of modern man. His attempt is to relate
these legends to anthropology.
He belleves
the abominable snowman does exist, and he
suggests the basis for further scientific re-
search." (NY Her Trib Books) Bibliography.
Index.
"The stories Mr. Sanderson, has assembled
are necessarily somewhat repetitious, but when
he has them all fitted together,, he draws some
Interesting conclusions, Phoebe Adams
+ Atlantic 208.114 D '61 290w

"Repetitious, contentious,, and controversial.
but convincingly presented.

Booklist 58.118 O 0 15 '61

"Those who think that a majority of experts
can't be wrong. or that any creature not
thoroly known by now just can't exist, will be
unconvinced, of course, if they find Sanderson
book readable at all. Those prepared to concede
that there may be more things in heaven and
earth than are conceived of in orthodox philoso
phies will find Sanderson's argument at least
plausible and intriguing. A C. Ames

+ Chicago Sunday Tribune Di Ja 7 '62
300W

Reviewed by Richard Neff

+Christian Science Monitor p9 D 21 '61
450w

"Not always convincing. but highly provoca
tive,
Written in a very entertaining style too.

- Kirhus 29 651 JI 15 '61 120w

Reviewed by R. W. Henderson

+Library J 86:3489 O 15 '61 150w

"The author is loquacious but never boring.
He is in a sense a special pleader. How an
anthropologist would assess his data I do not
know. But his book promises to
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least in legend and folklore."

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+NY Her Trib Books p6 D 24 '61 340w
for

"No story seems too wild or improbable for
Mr. Sanderson. The lack of proof does not
seem to bother him. Indeed, he seems to feel
it necessary for someone to disprove a story
before he will disbelieve it.

Mr. Sanderson.

as always, is a master writer. His report on
the abominable snowmen of the world makes
fascinating. Indeed at times hair-raising. read-
BOOK REVIEW DIGEST 1962

But why oh why. Mr. Sanderson. not
just a little restraint? Why not admit that
-re just might not be an abominable snow-
n? Of course. Sanderson may be right.
science must judge by concrete positive
dence; not by unverified stories and opinions

ased on emotion rather than reason." A. C.
San Francisco Chronicle D50 D 10 '61

bauth
400W

"Mr. Sanderson assembles reports, which. it
ems. have been appearing for decades in
arious parts of the world, attempts to evaluate
them, and examines the ethnological, pale-
tological, and geographical facts that could
Lave a bearing on the possible continued exist-
cice of subhuman creatures in unexplored
The material Mr. San-
treas of the earth.

erson has collected is interesting and would
more so if the book were half as long.
The author's tendency to rail repeatedly against
the closed minds of zoologists becomes an
rritating mannerism. His style is so deter-
inedly popular that it falls halfway between
that of the editor of a science fiction magazine
and that of a chatty columnist in a village
wspaper. However, the book should appeal
o those interested in unsolved mysteries." H.

R. Hays

+Sat R 44:36 O 21 '61 500w

Reviewed by D B. Bagg

+Springf'd Republican p2D N 12 '61 360w

SANDERSON. IVAN T. The continent we live
on; phot. by Eliot Porter (and others). (A
Chanticleer press ed) 299D \$20 Random house
574.9 Natural history-North America
61-8958

"To extend his acquaintance with his adopted
land and to refresh his famillarity. with areas
explored on earlier trips, Sanderson. an Eng-
ish-born zoologist. writer and lecturer. Dent
almost the whole of 1959 traveling some 50.000
miles over the continent he describes.

[In

this] account of America north of the 20th

•he divides the area into twenty-
parallel

one 'provinces' based primarily upon differences
In vegetation, and attempts to explain the ex-
istence of each in terms of weather. relating
this to the distance from the great ocean cur-
rents. At the rate of a short chapter per prov-
of the unusual natural fea-
Ince, he tells

tures to be found in each." (NY Times Bk R)
Glossary. Index.

"The illustrations, sharked up from here.

there. and everywhere. are Darty in color.
Partly in black and white, and all delightful,
to be honest. all equally well
although not.

[Mr. Sanderson] can cer-
reproduced.

entertainingly about the wilds.
tainly write

however, having no fear of amusing irrele-
vance and an almost eerie ability to foresee.
and answer, the odd questions that spring up
In the mind of the amateur reader." Phoebe
Adams

+Atlantic 208:189 N '61 220w

+ Booklist 58:328 F 1 '62

+ Bookmark 21:71 D '61 40w

"Sanderson uses a painfully gauche gee-whiz
kind of journalese that fails to communicate
adequately either the personality of regions or
enthusiasms. Every
his obviously powerful

sentence could be improved by rewriting. It
la astounding that self respecting editors would
send to the printer a slovenly manuscript so
out of phase with the handsome illustrations
A large vocabulary glibly used is
and format.

not acceptable writing," Wilbur Zelinsky

-+Chicago Sunday Tribune p9 N 5 '61
480w

Reviewed by Pamela Marsh

+Christian Science Monitor p15 N 30
'61 120w

"Over and above the excellence of the text,
the detail, and the amplitude, there is the visual
excitement of the photographs. which are
the work of a great many outstanding profes-
A stunning book.

sionals Kirkus 20 869 S 15 61 200w

"This is the most effective kind of conserva-
tion argument; although the price is high. -
braries will be performing an exemplary public
rvice in making this book available." E. B.

Nixon

+ Library J 87:223 Ja 15 '62 90w

"The pictures.

make the book,

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than the text.

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He is a scientist with

omething of John Gunther's gift for the amaz-

ing if irrelevant fact" Lewis Gannett
+NY Her Trib Books p3 O 29 '61 900w
the author

"A magnificent example of fine craftsma
on the part of engraver. printer and
In places, Sanderson digress
maker.

interesting comments on the semantics of
words as 'desert.' 'largest.' 'tree' and 'tro
In others he gets caught by forgetting
In both text and illustr

America too few people see people, both
I can usage has succeeded in presentin
and abroad. He shows through descriptior
pictures a series of superlatives that do
to foster an image of our continent that
of its occupants would like to encourage
the most part he does so in a vocabular
is flamboyantly American, clear and fac
Lorus and Margery Milne

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